



HANG UP PHILOSOPHY



WILLIAM B. ARVINE

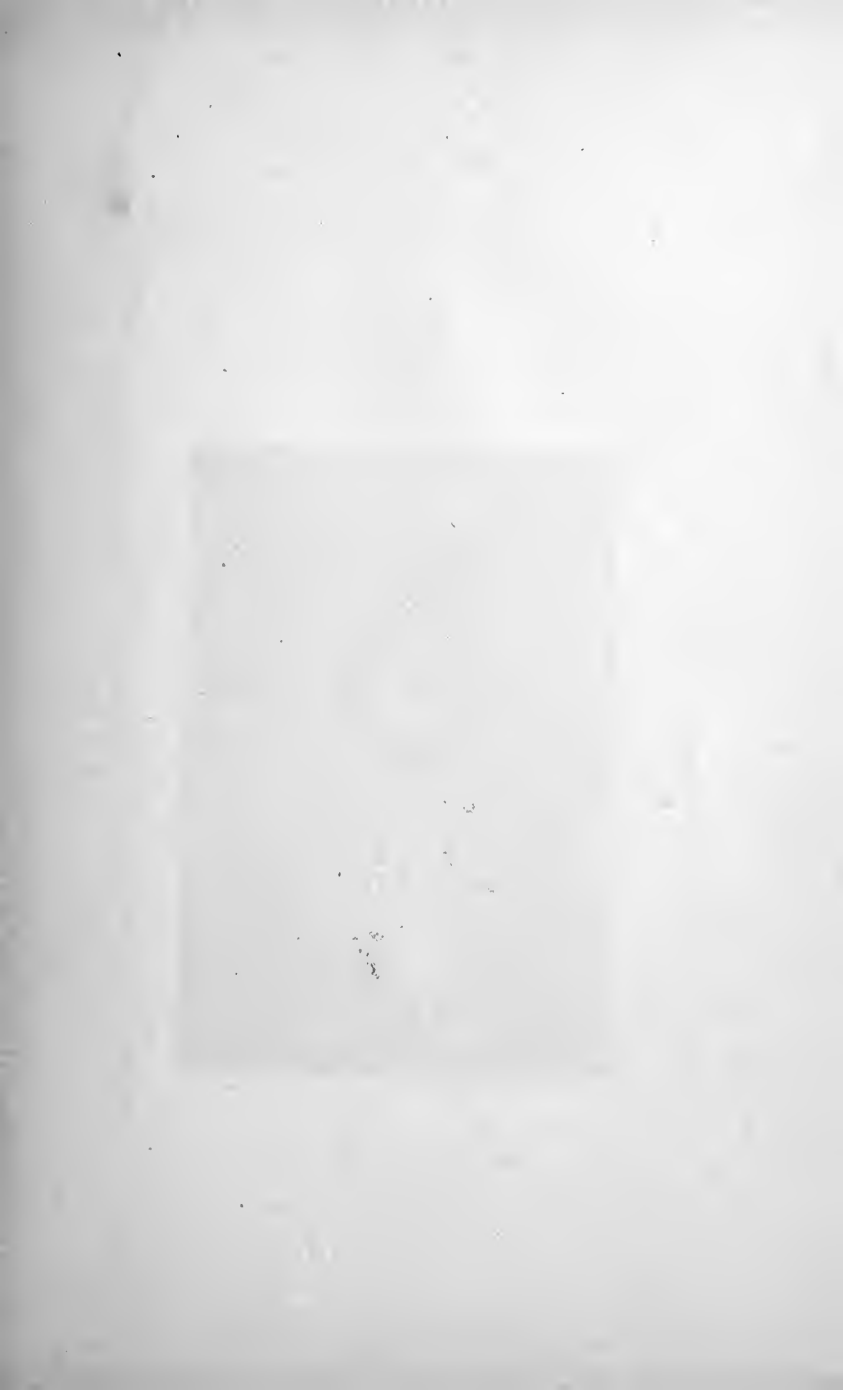


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HANG UP PHILOSOPHY

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

W. B. ARVINE

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THE POET LORE COMPANY

THE GORHAM PRESS

BOSTON

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PS 3501
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1911

THE GORHAM PRESS, BOSTON, U. S. A

41.00

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HANG UP PHILOSOPHY



HANG UP PHILOSOPHY

EDGEWOOD STANZAS

From Reason's labyrinthine wrong,
Save, heav'n-born Maid;—our mortal Gate
Of the bright Mysteries of Song,
Open till this dark maze of fate,
Stark thought's vague prison, fill
With fairer glamor than our upland lake
Wears in the silence under a late moon
The hour that sad, unreconciled queen,
With far ethereal thrill,
Charms night-walled surge, and, thro' jet branches
seen,
Shimmering inland-waters so they make
Wanderers pensive as a tune
Of mournful music will,
Far-heard at dusk on lone, deep-wooded hill.

The radiance from thy lips, that streams,
Virginal, thro' the numbèd brain,
Is not of lost unchartered beams
From veiled world-circling fires of pain,
Like strange Selenè's wile
Of boundless yearning by hard fate outworn,
Wan beauty of the hopelessness past tears,
For dull oblivion waiting listlessly.
No gleam of siren isle
In deeps of sad eternal mystery,
Thy splendor; no, 'tis heav'n's o'erflowing morn:
Closed by the hot, impassable years,
Yet undismayed the while,
Ever thou hast thy rapt empyreal smile!

Be thy wide waking my release;
Not listless prayers for Lethè-flow,
Long-baffling thought's last sorceries;—
'Sad cure' that gives me such a throe
As cerements of death
From rifled tombs of dark idolatry.
Me, by a wistful hearth, benignly wake:
Let my pent soul, unshackled, purely thrill
With thine ecstatic breath
Till vain, o'erwearied questionings be still—
O smiling Poesy, come compass me
With wings of magic proof to break
Self-meshing Reason's teeth
Whose wounds my 'guilèd spirit sinks beneath!

My aery waking guard; save me
Vain hurryings thro' havenless chance,
Fleeing my natal destiny,
Homeless mid the Old World's romance.
Here let my heart abide,
And only my adventurous fancy roam
To link my being with our richer past—
Our storied Motherland—that I may feel,
After forgetful pride
Of knowledge, secrets thought shall ne'er unseal.
Let ancient calm, lovely as evening gloam,
Enfold this hillside hearth at last;
Where, not by fancy spied,
Prattles a little damsel at my side.

Yes, safe at home, for no brief hour,
My waking be, far from the door
Of solitude; no cloistral bow'r,
Mossed ruin on shunned river-shore,
Hide me, companionless.
With this wee damsel—her wide, visioning eyes
In Legend's festal glamor well content—
These slopes let me in Old World joyance roam
Till the low leafage kiss
Her, whispering, where lays from Percy's tome
Gave me, once, gaily timorous surmise
Of winding horn and revelment—
Lost solitary bliss—
Deep in our rustling upland wilderness.

We will not blame our harsh New World,
Her intellectual storm and stress;
Nor, though her fever has upcurled
One faltering soul, love her the less.
The youthful Titan throes
'Neath burdens wellnigh more than she can bear;
Nor hath unchastened, hurrying self-will
Confirmed her sad, illboding prophets yet.
No, my worn heart well knows,
Her shall, one day, her Sophist brood outwear;
What time her spirit kens, as it doth fill,
At last, the channel God hath set,
The goal whither it goes,
Loving with us the past from whence it flows.

How arduous thy journeying,
Thou, gentle Inward Eye, must know,
Into this wildered brain to bring
Charm of that jocund long-ago
Haunting unbannered keep,
Hoar sentinel of nestling grey-walled town;
And the great woods where echoed rousing staves
O'er that bold firelight ring of Lincoln green,
In filched ale pledging deep
Their naughty friar, only by fairies seen;
Haunting the towerèd meadows of The Gown
Soft-mirroring Thames so sweetly laves—
Now for thy native steep,
Far-voyaging Inward Eye, dull not nor sleep!

O rich the freight thou bringest me—
Round our loved home I must unroll,
For that dear maid's half-whispered glee,
The brave enchantment of my soul.
Too long her drooping eye
For her dark-thrallèd votary doth pine.
See, he returns, wrapt in that lost repose
So innocent of this fever-thirst for vain
Impossible how and why;
Returns, without her, ne'er to roam again;
Comes with a brimming largess for her shrine
Of olden minstrelsy that flows
Blithe as blue-winding Wye
Past crumbling Tintern open to the sky.

By green hedgerows, o'er which bend down
These cherished woods, sweet-lingering hours
We'll gaze off on the learned town;
Like some faint glimpse of Oxford tow'rs
From these high lawns she lies.
Almost my own ideal New England seems
This pleasant old hill-road. More, as I wake,
I see the touch of a fond, vanished hand
Which, with our hopes, did prize
The mellow beauty of our far home-land.
Up thro' the lane, whence the late sunlight streams
Down on his stone cot, tow'rd the lake,
Ere many moons shall rise,
We twain will roam until the long day dies.

We'll tiptoe the damp, cressèd sward
High-shaded hurrying streams along,
Gay outlaws at our watch and ward;
Anon to dance and wassail song,
Safe in the high morass
Forever locked to charm-dispelling day.
Or, viewless elves, we thread strange fastnesses
Till homing flocks forsake the lonely wold.
There o'er the spangled grass,
As wallèd curfew glooms far cot and fold,
Thro' moonlit mists and streaking shadows grey,
'Neath Gothic elm, our revelries
Unseen shall dimly pass,
Faint-heard by startled swain late from his lass.

Nay, soon from world-forgetting shades
And distant dreams, to violet-fringed
Minstrel mid-May's deepening glades,
Where heav'n thro' waving boughs hath tinged
With sun-lace vernal sward.
Spring's wilding breath is ever bounteous
Here to late winter winds. A short climb hence,
Slow-budding, serried oaks and chestnuts through,
On the chill knolls that guard
The violets from the north, glance in our view
Bars of the lake's clear azure. Over us
Kind skies crave thrilling confidence
As welled from Rotha's bard
That God is good, Earth fair, though life be hard.

To thee, O sweet unhappy Earth,
By loosèd Fancy's bright sojourn
In lusty morn of English mirth,
Her being's cradle, I return:
So hath my waking found
The lorn hills of my birth-land beautiful;—
Found me thy praises singing, stately crag,
Towering the dark-blue upland wave above
With hoary firs high-crowned;
Tall crag the low sun cheers with lingering love,
While far beneath, in shadowy stillness cool,
The heron lone, on gnarlèd snag,
Broods o'er the smooth profound,
And Twilight sheds her forest magic round.

See, ye self-'mured who will have man
The sum and measure of all things;
A young land's seers who deem ye can
Ravel with lifeless reasonings,
And, to the All-in-All,
Revamp this vast imperious riddle world,
See, from your tangled catacombs of thought:—
Day's ageless eye, pausing with softer fires
Just o'er the crag's dark wall,
Looks backward thro' the cedars' clustered spires.
'Tis my boon hour; and, from the past unfurled,
On sovran Earth ye set at naught,
Calm benedictions fall—
Home of my fathers, not my spirit's pall!

Up the crag's mossy flank we go
Along soft-tinkling amber rills
To watch the amber after-glow
Fade over far-off purple hills:
Silent we watch the dark—
The deep, serene, all-shriving spell of night—
Come starlit o'er the dreaming face of things
With deeper secrets than the unborn morrow
We wot not of.—But hark,
The ancient, the ineffable charm of sorrow,
Vintage belovèd of all sure delight!
Thy plaint with a strange gladness rings,
O Whippoorwill, sweet lark
Of hours when Day's red hearth lies cool and stark!

By the dim margin of the lake
At last we loiter, hand in hand,
Bidding shy dryad Echo wake,
Gazing adown the underland,
So near, so far away;
Of starry skies a trembled, stilly realm
And fair, beneath abysmal foliage flung—
Till, gathering my darling unto me,
Lapt in sweet tire of play,
Softly I hasten homeward, shrived and free.
For nevermore may naked Reason overwhelm
The longing of a song unsung,
Nor harshly say me nay
To youth-reviving memories for aye.

EVENING

TWILIGHT

The hour is come when tow'rd the west
The day-worn spirit thrills—
That ever-wondrous golden glow
Upon the purple hills.

The dews fall on the drooping flow'rs,
And on my heavy heart
Enchantment falls—O! nameless charm
That shall too soon depart;

Falls softly, as, from tufted crag,
Fell upon moon-lit sea,
In other times, the hoary harper's
Dying melody.

As in a dream, I seem to know
There lies a lovely land
'Neath those far hills where silent waves
Break on a lonely strand.

AN ECHO

I lay beneath an agèd tree
Among the daisies on the lea
While happy birds thrilled 'mid the leaves
Their ancient minstrelsy.

Yes, many an olden magic lay
That seemed to come from far away
The flow'rs and I in silence heard,
That golden summer's day.

And such a mist came o'er my eyes,
As long ago with far surmise
At whispered twilight fairy-tale
And wondrous western skies.

THE WHIPPOORWILL

Sweet bird, I know thy mournful ditty
Wells from a hidden gladness;
For I, too, love the forest twilight's
Hushed, mysterious sadness.

And, O, had I the pow'r to sing
That amber after-glow,
My trancèd heart would utter just
Such far-off strains, I know.

Sing on, as thro' enchanted glooms
I pass to pleasant rest
With thoughts that cannot find my tongue,
My head upon my breast.

THE WHIPPOORWILL NEARER TO

Amid these fragrant twilight glooms
Now all is strangely still,
As tranced by thy magic woe,
Melodious Whippoorwill.

And, listening to thy heart's outpour,
All breathless, too, am I—
A traveller not unknown to grief—
With rapturous ecstasy.

For what boots pity, when from pain
The spirit takes no wrong?—
O beauteous grief-born melody,
Triumphant sorrow-song!

THE WANDERER

Wanderer, wanderer,
Whither goest thou?
Gleams not a lamp, lit by white hands for thee,
Far thro' the darkness now?

Wanderer, wanderer,
Why droops thy head so low?
Surely thy heart behind thee strays afar.
Why else thy steps so slow?

Wanderer, wanderer,
Look up; above the plain,
Dark-looming clouds are shot with wingèd fire.
I feel warm drops of rain.

Wanderer, wanderer,
This is no time to roam—
I see a light that signals me to soothe
An anxious heart at home.

A SONG

The stars are shining brightly,
The zephyrs fan us lightly,
And round our bow'r the nightly
Songsters sweetly sing.

All else save love is dreaming,
Thine eyes with joy are beaming,
And my glad heart is teeming
With songs I cannot sing.

THE LONELY ROAD

I saw once in a ponderous book,
While yet a little boy,
A picture of a lonely road,
That filled me with strange joy.

The book with other loves has gone
The heedless way of chance:
I only know my mother spoke
Vague words of "old, old France".

The road wound past a tabled heath
Along near, crescent hills;
And vanished with the mystery
Of high, deep-falling rills.

Twilight seemed darkening with the hush
The homing shepherds fear—
I knew the place that, after dusk,
No canny folk come near;

The ancient place where battlements
Rise up, then foil the sight;
Where thrallèd maiden languishes
For bugling errant knight.

I've often pondered how that print
So long has haunted me,
Still lingering with such vividness
In my worn memory.

Sometimes I almost wonder while
The Sabbath twilight wanes,
If there be some dim Huguenot
Homesickness in my veins.

Perhaps a spark of glamor lives
In each o'erbusy brain,
One spark the crowding years have tried
To stamp away in vain.

One thing is certain, now I live
In "light of common day",
With romance far as once did seem
The sky-line on the bay.

EVENING

Evening and home once more;
Three hush'd leagues from the throbbing city,
Here on this murmuring shore
Again I hum the strange old ditty
Sung mid deep waters' roar
Long ere the world was with grave science blest.
Gazing far out to sea,
Singing, I breathe the sea air gratefully;
And from old ocean's boundless breast
And the vague arch of evening, come to me
Inklings of puissant, deep tranquillity
Which knoweth not our spent and sodden rest.
The calmness unoppressed
And welling zest
Of youth return; a short hour I am free,
Lightened of the grim load
With which a faithless world must test
My soul on life's rough road.
—Sweet heaven, long let it be
Ere I, when given breath from the sharp goad
Of a too wise, o'erheated work-day world,
Can never, nevermore,
While night's high starry silence is unfurled
Along the windings of this lovèd shore,
Feel what I was of yore.

THE NYMPHS

An adaptation in verse from the prose of Turgeneff.

Upon a flowery knoll high in a wood,
At twilight, once, in beauty's thrall I stood;
And saw, thro' ageless, clear-revealing gaze
Of poesy, that glory in the west,
Which young-eyed wonder hailed, in golden days,
As sorrowless Elysium beauty-blest.
And sorrowless were my first thoughts, this hour,
Of universal Pan's unfaltering pow'r
Ere the Great Wail of Sorrow rose on earth.
—Listen, from shades of many a stirrèd bow'r
The gathering choirs of night
Send echoes of creation's morning mirth;
Sweet-thrilling song of freedom without bound,
The selfsame deep delight
A dreaming world is pouring on my sight
In lofty symphony too vast for sound!
The ancient hills, a far-flung crescent round
Earth's western brink, in lucent purple dight,
Their potent, everlasting youth declare
With smile prophetic,
Kissed by departing king of day,
So fair, so prodigal.

Soon came to mind a long-forgotten tale,
Once meaningless as childish roundelays;
But now of woeful import to assail
The large-horized mirth of other days.
It was the legend of a Grecian craft
Among bright isles in blue Aegean sea—
Too soon that bark did Notus thither waft
After the morn of Christ's nativity.
The drowsy helmsman wist of no alarm;
It was high noon, and sea and sky were calm—
"When thou shalt pass by yon unpeopled isle",
A-sudden cried a voice high o'er his head,
"Let not sleep thine obedience beguile;
Steer close, and shout amain: 'Great Pan is dead' ".
Now when the pilot passed that desert shore,
All wide awake with dread,
He gave the cry that echoes evermore:
"He's dead, Great Pan is dead!"
And all along that desolate strand
Rose wailing wild on every hand:
Great Pan is dead, is dead.

While drooping with that story old
The wand of Hermes smote my eyes;
And in a dream of marvel manifold
I saw ecstatic pagan paradise.
—Methought I gave the cry:
“Great Pan is newly born;
Arisen in all his primal loveliness,
And Earth’s no more forlorn.
Yes he again is nigh
Beneath a happy sky
To show his rapturous tokens numberless!”
When lo before my ’mazed eyes
A wondrous miracle was wrought:
With mighty, universal laughter fraught,
Those far hills were Olympic paradise.
Each moment louder waxed that thrilling sound,
So swiftly hasting near from far away,
Till heavenly voices echoed all around,
And in a chorus vast did seem to say:
“Hear, hear our answering cry;
Great Pan is newly born,
Arisen in all his primal loveliness,
And Earth’s no more forlorn.
Then breathe no sorrow-sigh,
For we are hasting nigh,
His lovely, living tokens numberless!”

The rush of countless feet
Resounds on every side;
The blossoming thickets show a wondrous light
They cannot wholly hide;—
Behold those glimpses fleet
Of rosy limbs and flowing raiment white!
Lo, all along the amber glades
Now come to view great dancing bands
Of wondrous fair, immortal merry maids
With shining pipes and timbrels in their hands.
Their dark, high-clustering curls toss in the wind;
The face of Nature brightens to adore them.
On, on they come in frolic unconfined,
Rolling Olympian laughter on before them.
First doth advance, in countenance
And shape the loveliest of them all:
With one acclaim
The others name
Her queen of that high festival.
The silver crescent-moon is on her brow—
O dazzling maidenhood! Diana, is it Thou?

But suddenly all motionless she stands:
Ceases the dance; the laughter dies away;
And strangely hushed those erewhile happy bands
Gaze on their leader in a blank dismay.
For she, with parted lips, averted head,
Her trembling hands to her chill bosom prest,
Gazes with eyes askance, all wild with dread,
Into the distance. O then, sore distress
For loveliness that was not born for tears,
In glorious merriment struck dumb with fears,
Swift-following that horror-stricken gaze,
I saw a stately, far cathedral spire
Whose golden cross with heav'n's pure light ablaze
Did seem in truth to be a cross of fire.
Even as I looked a long despairing sigh
Arose from souls that bled;
And when I woke in longing sympathy,
Goddess and nymphs had fled.
But thro' that lonely forest land
The night wind sighed on every hand:
He's dead, Great Pan is dead.

IDEAL I

Ah lovely wife—and true as fair;
Dear angel, glad mid earthly care:
Just as our common hope and joy,
Our pledge of love, our dark-eyed boy—
Who oft comes weeping to thy side
The pain of bruises to confide,
And there, thro' kisses numberless,
By faith sublime reaps full redress,—
I, too, have faith that, come what may,
Thou canst kiss darkness into day.
We twain, thy darling child and I,
All rapt in sacred ecstasy,
Behold with favored mortal eyes
The loveliness of paradise:
Thy bosom, pure as unblown snows,
Is our warm refuge of repose.

II

There is a maiden of my dreams—
O they are dreams of bliss;
She's luring as a siren song,
Fond as an angel's kiss!

Her smile bespells me while I sleep,
Even as thrilling Morn
With her own heav'nly splendour doth
All darkling Earth adorn.

An exile from the land I love,
A land unguessed by care—
Torn from my sweet dream maiden's arms,
I wake in dumb despair.

But soon amid my toil I raise
My lay of conquering faith,
Right sure she will one day to me
Come, as in dreams she saith.

O when the glory of her smile
Upon me wakeful streams,
Fairer this dreary world will be
Than ever land of dreams!

EUPHROSYNE

I

We chide not, bright Euphrosyne,
Chide?—no, nor do we grieve to see,

As, laughing thro' the world they go,
Thine eyes undimmed by the world's woe.

Nay, sweet joy thrills our hearts to find
One breathes to whom the world is kind:—

And, O, a mirth like thine have we
When fools prate of thy cruelty!

II

Yes, although their lot's perdition—
Fools who wait thy heart's contrition—
Still, methinks, thou hast a mission
Which is one of beauty.
Who demands of every flow'r
Dreaded leech's healing pow'r:
Shall not one delight the hour
When folk prate not of duty?

I fear not that winsome guile,
It hath lulled my woes awhile;
At thy heartlessness I smile,
Child of lovely leisure.
Ought I chide that morning mirth?—
Ne'er will I increase the dearth
Of the merriment of Earth:
Play on, thou May-day treasure.

EUPHROSYNE AND DOLOROSA

Dearly I love two beautiful girls:
One the own daughter of Mirth;
The other a dark-eyed sorrowful maid,
Child of the Second Birth.

I love this beautiful pair as I love
My body and my soul:
Would that my luck had found them one
'Neath one sweet will's control.

First I offered my mirth to the sorrowful one;
She raised a warning hand:
Then I told my grief to the maid of mirth;
She could not understand.

Since I of both sorrow and mirth am made;
Though strange, true must it be
That neither one of these beautiful girls
Could happily dwell with me.

So I drink to more fortunate mating for each;
And go my way alone
With a prayer I may live as true to them both
As they were both my own.

Yes, I must be true to this beautiful pair;
True to the maid of mirth,
True to the dark-eyed sorrowful one,
Child of the Second Birth.

IGNOTA

Ah radiant stranger, happy he
Who shall have life recourse
To that unfaltering breast!
Even in this glance my heart throbs with new zest
For life, and swells as with high glee
Of fathomless resource.

Strangers, alas, we go our ways:
O that man's yearning heart
Should build itself a wall
Of desolate silence to stifle its love-call,
When it perchance doth gaze
On its dear counterpart!

CHARLOTTE

Alas, alas, that heav'n sent me
To earth some ten years after thee.

In twenty lives where should I find
Such charm of motion, speech and mind?

Thro' the dead years, my brain a-whirl,
I gaze and see a dazzling girl!

So wondrous lovely and so lone!—
Were men once blind or made of stone;

Or must I think God made all men
Ignoble and unworthy then?

—Alas, alas, that heav'n sent me
To Earth some ten years after thee!

RUTH

Nay, though the fiery hopes of youth
Too soon cease to be mine;
Call not too wise the tired eyes
Which gaze, dear heart, in thine.

For mayhap the spent wanderer
When he at last comes home,
Will know to cherish well as one
Who was not born to roam.

PERGOLESE

A Prelude

Hark how the gloam-wrapt Organ's voice
With old-world passion throbs—
"Have pity, Oh, have pity, Master!"
Pergolesè sobs.

Lo, as by fairy lamps I see,
Mid night of finished years,
Deep-sunken, burning eyes that swim
With penitential tears!

Strange heart of man! When Earth was still
A Father's school for thee,
How hateful then the hollow vaunt
Of human vanity!

But now a homeless wanderer
On a bleak stranger shore,
Thou darest drown thy sorrow-song
With fiercely proud uproar.

STRADELLA

STRADELLA

I

Bleak wintry dusk and candle-light,
Red embers on an old hearth-stone,
A rapt violinist mid the deepening shadows
Of the next room, alone.

Without, the sullied trampled snow,
And strident twentieth-century din;
High-fervent song of the lost Age of Faith
Low-preluding within.

"Have pity, Lord!" * * * At length recedes
This loud new world of outward care—
Lo, up the twilight ghostly arches soar
From knee-worn pavement bare!

Dark the unheeded hearth and cold—
Where late the comfortable flame,
Naught but stark stone and penitential gloom
Re-echoing suppliant shame.

Round us Stradella's travail wraps
His world-defying spirit-fires:
Now falleth from our souls the loathly dross
Of base world-born desires.

Swiftly still backward borne, we hail,
On that far-thrilling music's flow,
Heart of the climbing gorgeous Middle Age—
One world-wide inward glow!

Once more the Lamb's Young Bride upturns
Her streaming eyes so sweetly wild—
See, though her virgin bosom fiercely heaves,
Just now, methought, she smiled!

Triumphant Bride! We will not think
She quenched the mad Pompeian mirth;
Only, with passionate harp, to pour mad grief
On cloyed and stifling Earth.

Almost we wish this were no spell,
And that heart-sob might never cease:
In anguish, yea, if need be, let us crave
The inward boon of peace.

II

—The old-world song is hushed and dead;
And dies in me that old-world thrill:
Priests of the proud new world, resume your sway;
Work your unripened will.

Say on: "An unsubstantial world,
Grotesque vague vision-realms within,
Ev'n to this hour still from 'the masses' veil
The fair real world to win.

But dazzling Truth rives now the last
Tyrannic, ashen gloam: too long
Oblivion waits a dream-enthralled Past
O'erwrought with sorrow-song."

Say on: "Man's brutish primal birth
Mocks the far-gazing toiler's moan:—
Poor witless crowd, arise; at last we deign
To help you seize your own!"

Yes, tell the scornèd populace
The lore that makes you wholly wise;
And say, too, that ye left them succorless
With your half-opened eyes;

That when ye cried: "'Each for himself',
France broke, for this, the despot's might",
Ye had, this chaos of cross-purpose tells,
Not fully seen the light;

That when harsh Nature's chosen few
Became Earth's new nobility,
Man's nascent freedom sank beneath the wheel
Of deadlier tyranny."

III

Ah yes, by you our Second Hope
Was quenched in a vast sordid rage;
By you the noble anguish, born of that
Fierce Wakening, with presage

Of a true earthly brotherhood,
Was jeered till, in a ruthless mart,
The children of the new age learned to scorn
The hunger of the heart;

Till ev'n the beauty of the past—
Still lingering thro' bewildered years—
Fled a raw world of shallow certainty
Sans yearning and sans tears.

Already shorn of right to give
One meaning to all mortal moil,
The Lamb's high-sorrowful Bride, a blighted thing,
Sank in the grime of toil.

Yes, freedom's bards had just divined
The bigotry of quivering France,
A noble sorrow hallowing the fire
Still regnant in their glance.

Thro' love for the lost Spell that built
With stone such lofty ryme of strife
Despairing, far yet thrilling hope they sang
Of a glad inward life.

And now with your last oracle,
Proud priests, the mob is ripe for spoil;
The blighted Bride of Christ waits her last hour
Amid the grime of toil.

Yes, now a hideous, loveless world
Rocks with a grinding, sullen roar;
And they are dust who dreamed a fairer glory
Should fold us than of yore.

Rose their great paeans but to give
A soulless Reason iron sway?—
Alas, no puissant lyre of heaven's bright gold
Heads the world-march to-day.

O Shelly, Byron, Heine! Would
Such lyric heralds of the light
Might shame this power of gold, this slavish hate—
This grim mechanic fight!

Though yesterday beyond this rout
We saw the happy, shining goal
While Arnold sang, far now as ever seem
Glory of mind and soul.

IV

Unchastened by her proud contempt,
Now Science boasts deep change of heart,
Rushing at the eleventh hour to take
The Sovereign Rabble's part.

No palmer, militant she comes
To strip the victors in a strife
She said must rage, and Atè turns to lock
The death-bound door to Life.

Shall human misery end when ends
The draggled mart's ignoble war?
What of that deeplier-dreaded spirit-thrall,
The Jacobinism of law!

Then will ye to the end, because
'Twere vain for a dead faith to grieve,
With pride of work-day knowledge over-prized
Your 'buried souls' deceive?

When from his promised victories
He comes unsatisfied and wan,
How will ye minister, most haughty priests,
To reawakening man?

* * *

V

Oblivion holds Stradella's harp
And the lost Dream of Dreams for aye;
To huddled lowering crowds their high priests cry
On a drear, hopeless day:—

"Man is but son of man ; beware
To know the gaunt, self-tortured Past :
The law of life is pleasure ; pain is death ;
Be gay, be sane at last !"

Proudly ye murmur 'mongst yourselves :
"Now hath ecstatic Pan new birth !"
Yea, wild the roar of laughter doth arise—
The bitterest heard on Earth !

Heathen without the heathen's charm,
O Sophists of the Sophists ye,
To dream a naked logic could awake
Earth's morning minstrelsy !

* * *

VI

Ah yes, while still ye syllogize,
This heedless world shall writhe again ;
Nor taste the heathen's mirth before she reaps
A heathen doom of pain.

By naught shall that fierce grief and shame
Be changed to Earth's first gladness wild ;
God grant they may, thro' beauty, love and truth,
With life be reconciled !

Alas that now while lingers still
The agony of unbelief
Ye face the faltering ranks with sapient scorn,
Not with a poet's grief !

Well said, most learned priests and proud ;
The Future doth to Truth belong ;
But when, pray, did the dazzling Goddess doff
Her rapturous robes of song ?

Never, not She, pure voice of God;
'Tis plain ye have not wholly heard:
The children of her choice have ever breathed
Music in every word.

What but the loveliness of Truth
Can make a darkling world rejoice;
What but the deep, sweet spiritual ravishment
Of that empyreal voice?

Then Courage! From myriad hearts shall roll
O'er life's inhospitable shore
A mighty sursum corda, when it bears
A songless age no more.

VI

—Well, ye have shattered one false hope;
And may we nevermore make moan,
Like dreaming children on the midnight waked
In darkness and alone.

Yes, ye have broke Stradella's harp,
The hope that roused it as ye deem—
O for a world-regenerating song
Born of no fabulous dream!

L'ENVOI

Hard ruthless power of gold, farewell;
Farewell, deep slavish hate:
Our futile voice was born too soon;
Or else, alas, too late.

Live we the lonely spirit life,
A warring world abjure;
Live in the aching hope our grief
Shall after us endure.

SPINOZAN ECHOES

I

I walked one night a moaning beach,
Unhopeful of the morrow,
When tow'rd a lonely inland light
Sounded a rune of sorrow.

It was an ancient Celtic wail
I oft had heard before;
But now its unresigned pain
Throbb'd at my being's core.

Stubborn, yet O so sad it was,
The very soul of grief;
My eyes ached for the balm of tears,
But could not win relief.

Slowly this thought it seemed to breathe:
"Our buried selves were one,
But empty words divided us
Beneath the pleasant sun.

Yet they who proudly laid us low,—
O yes, they too, shall fall;
So they that level them, so on
Till Fate tires of it all."

Vanished the light, the music ceased;
Sadly the moaning sea
Seemed echoing that vain revolt
Of human misery.

Still in an ununited world
Men's buried selves are one,
But empty words divide us still
Beneath the pleasant sun.

O God, shall ne'er our stubborn will
Bow to Thee and set free
Our prisoned souls, athirst for truth,
In noble harmony?

Hush, far adown my spirit sighs
A low, yet puissant psalm—
Some inlet of the vast expanse
Of the Spinozan calm.

II

COURAGE

May my life be a glad serenity
That still with clear and steady eye doth see
The deep-encircling gloom of misery.

Welcome, my soul, the terms of mortal birth,
Sweet, all-containing, unrelenting Earth.

Nor quench thy gladness to commiserate
Untamèd souls in burning close of fate:
Thro' that, God's changeless will is the straight gate.

Let not Truth's holy joyance, once, my heart,
In pity or in my own pain depart.

And may'st thou leave a house, kind, fearless, free,
Blest home of a divine serenity,
Amid encircling gloom which quelled not thee.

Joyous he lives, and joyous passes he
Who sees the world in God's eternity.

III

AUTUMN

Now do these rolling northern hills
Like an enchanted land appear:
What tropic child would guess he saw
The passing of our year?

Thro' sunny breaks in foliage,
Sparklings of upland brooks are spied;
Who cannot see their mossy banks
With gold and crimson dyed?

The martial sumac's haughty plumes
Among low, scattered firs are seen,
As in *melée* the doublets red
Of old with Lincoln green.

Thro' odorous amber glades there breathe
Afar vague elfin murmurings:
Listen, shy Echo whispers of
The fairies' carollings.

'Mid this wide forest revelry
The frowning prophet pines decry
The vanity of Autumn's pride
Whose splendors soon must die.

Prithee, dark prophets, great and small,
What have your gloomy warnings won,
Forever dinning in our ears
What surely shall be done?

O Life's a puissant, wayward child,
A darling she, both sad and gay:
Curb that immortal liberty,
Her beauty will away!

LINES

The rapturous pagan long ago
Thus hailed the twilight west:
"See, for Earth's noblest children glows
Elysium of the blest."
A thousand years. Then fervently
Men sang: "Behind the blue
Calm sky, a golden city of bliss
Waits all souls good and true."
No more in yon aerial vault
Or in the storied west,
Though great and good, shall toil-worn hearts
Put faintest hope of rest.
Rest, Rest! Ah who's the prophet now
That strongly trusts ev'n death
To ease his aching soul from more
Than gasped mortal breath?
The prescient bard saith bravely: "How
Shall naked spirit find repose
Within a travailing universe?"
'Tis certain no one knows.
If, then, man still shun his own soul,
Where shall his refuge be?—
Our feverish will must bend at last
To labor tranquilly.
To him that from false wayward hope
Doth wrest his soul's release,
His mite of even this world's work
Will bring a saving peace.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL

Lest the old faith be all out-worn
Ere from the old the new be born,

Long may this soaring shrine receive
These last who in their hearts believe.

In hallow'd gloom here let them kneel,
Hid from the glittering rout and reel

Of godless mirth and pride and trade
That round without swirls unafraid ;

Here 'mid our modern fierce unrest
Still by the ancient Hope be blest,

While thro' the bleeding window streams
The splendor of the Dream of Dreams,

And choir and organ glorify
The Lamb's miraculous agony.

Yes, well may these dim aisles receive
The last who in their hearts believe ;

Who 'mid the endless sects have stood
Earth's one firm beauteous brotherhood,

Because their bond is hope, not grim
Estranging theologic whim.

For here, too, wearier pilgrimage
The spent sons of this outward age

Shall make to breathe, amid these last
Sweet twilight glamors of the past,

A deeper grief and inward care
Than ever these wan faithful bear.

That passing Faith grave Truth may bless
With her most holy loveliness,

Let oft enwrap them unaware
This beatific hush of pray'r.

Long may these guardian spires maintain
Calm refuge for the soul in pain,

An oasis of spirit fresh
Mid this day's desert of the flesh,

Till man at last sees he must tread
The path of Christ, though Christ be dead.

LINES

Written after reading Benjamin Kidd's "Social Evolution"

A modern seer with new-found light
Doth past and present scan,
And cries: "there's naught but groundless Faith
Can lift the soul of man.

No, truth shall never greet the hope
That points our upward way;
Yet woe to man the hour he says
Blind faith has had its day.

If ye doubt selfishness and vice
Must follow thought's release
From faith, ye need but scan the fall
Of heathen Rome and Greece.

Think not that righteousness e'er was
Or can be, reason's child;
Nay, reason only lets her live
Because by faith beguiled.

Idly the wise cry: 'wickedness
Will sweep the race away';
Ev'n so, what do the wicked care
So they but have their day?

And in their self-indulgence deep,
From warning faith unwed,
They will not care—they will not know
That their own souls are dead.

II

"Yes, faith alone, not wisdom, spins
This dream of right and wrong—
Why? Simply lest the crowd pull down
Nature's loved few, the strong.

For would ye know the central power
Blind faith has on our life?
Learn, then, that human progress rests
On endless human strife.

'Tis strife that raised man from the brute,
This sordid strife for bread;
The race will rot that day of sloth
When all are bravely fed.

The children of the lion's share
Shall breed the perfect man;
And, lest they soften, they must seize
All this world's goods they can.

Dreamers are they who will have peace
On Earth religion's goal;
(Though true we stand no longer sword
To sword, but soul to soul.)

Faith lives but to increase the strife:
She tells, with sleepless care,
The rich of privilege put by,
The mob of bliss elsewhere."

III

For all that Reason e'er shall tell,
Death is the end of all
The multitudes that love and toil
On this slow-dying ball.

Yet, wonder of all wonders, see,
The dauntless human race,
A quiet joy in her tired eyes,
Looks calmly in Death's face!

Doth naught save hope, instinctive, blind,
Of death-bought Paradise,
Lend meaning, life, to righteousness
Toil and self-sacrifice?

Then screen us, magic Faith, from what
'Twere worse than death to see—
The bleak, the freezing truth in all
Its stark reality;

Screen us, lest thy benighted hosts
Who toil, hope, multiply,
Staggering in their vast weariness,
Pause once and wonder why!

IV

Must we, at last, call peace and truth
Distempers of the brain;
Must human life forever more
In gloom and strife remain?

The hour man really knows himself,
Is he then too astute,
Must he then from himself depart
Or sink once more, a brute?

O peace, O truth, why have ye come
So honied in our breath;
Why have ye such a silver sound,
If ye be words of death?

V

Glad voice of Greece, thou didst unveil
The brighter eye within;
And when the Christ came, never once
Called He self-knowledge sin.

Unheeded be the hateful cry:
"O wax not too astute;
The hour clear reason probes the soul
Man sinks once more a brute!"

Be resolute, O Inward Eye,
This pain shall soon be mirth—
Still, still the world doth agonize
With new and glorious birth!

A HYMN—ST. JAMES

Eternal, while I see so clear,
For larger grace I pray:
Forsake me not, if, pray'rless, from the Truth
I fall once more away.

Forsake not, Lord, thy suffering child,
Lost in the world's wild night;—
Ev'n though my woes from hard self-will arise,
For me let there be light.

Let there be light: in my dark soul,
Stubborn and passion-fraught,
Wake sudden memories bright—let not this hour
Come utterly to naught.

For that the surging flesh may sweep
Me from the light divine,
Father, receive this fond, this fearful prayer;
Forget not I am thine.

For strayèd ones, unvisited
By Thee, shall hold afar,
Almighty God, from the steep heavenly ways
Where peace and duty are.

A SONG

Out of a lonely chamber
Into the lonelier night
Thro' wind and rain and fearsome gloom
Tow'rd a distant welcoming light.

After the drear, cold darkness,
After the wind and rain,
Sweeter the warmth of a woman's smile
Than balm that lulleth pain.

PARTING

Yon lamp that rides in gusty gloom
Beyond the roaring foam,
Must gleam on distant hostile shores
Ere anchor drop at home.

Darling, I guess sweethearts too long
May draw untroubled breath:
Mighty's the life-flood that rolls o'er
True love at odds with death.

Dearer these wild, salt kisses are
Than all the rest together:
One life of love's already ours
In spite of war and weather!

ADIEU

If silent ditties of the heart
Be of true poesy a part,
Thou shalt not, radiant girl, go hence unsung.
With stilly dulcet carolling,
An harp not made by hands shall ring
Within my breast, that ne'er shall be unstrung,
Nor high uphung.

Fleet-wingèd with thy gladdening smile,
My soul hath soared with thine awhile
Where I had fain been captive ransomless.
For soother was I succored then,
Than ever parchèd Bedouin,
Lulling, in dewy, starlit oasis,
His weariness.

SONG

Oh the moonbeams play with silver spray
As the billows break in foam,
And a strong warm breeze from the southern seas
Is wafting us merrily home.

Chorus:—

A night like this
Breathes naught but bliss
For loving souls on sea and land;
Dost feel the pressure of my hand?
Oh answer with a kiss!

Through the limpid whey of the milky-way
Do I see the star of love:
Oh she reigns to-night with a wondrous might
Though gentle she seems as a dove!



TRANSLATIONS

I

FROM THE FRENCH OF VERLAINE

Over the roof, heaven smiles
So blue, so calm.
O'er the high grating waves
A lonely palm.

I see, just o'er the sill,
Yon sweet bell sway.
A bird up in the tree
Chirps his glad lay.

Dear God in heaven, out there
All's tranquil, free.
The village murmurs, ah,
So peacefully!

What hast thou, sobbing wretch,
Come, speak the truth;
What hast thou, broken heart,
Done with thy youth?

II

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE

Thou lovely fisher maiden,
Put back thy skiff to land.
Come hither and sit beside me;
We'll chat here hand in hand.

Yes, close to my heart come nestle;
Why shouldst thou feel afraid?
Thou trustest thyself to wild ocean
Daily, blithe fisher maid.

My heart's just like the ocean,
Hath storm and ebb and flow;
And pearls of wondrous beauty
Its silent deeps bestrow.

SONNETS

IK MARVEL'S HILL

The toiling city's din lost on the wind,
Its spires and smoking chimnies still in view,
An hour on this fair hill-top shall renew
That healing calm which steals into the mind
When all the senses to the soul are kind;
And, gazing in the vast aerial blue,
One feels the joy of living thrill him through,
And his true, buried self again doth find.

The mighty oaks above me, the soft breeze
That dallies with the daisies on the slope,
The distant drowsy low of kine content,
The brisk near hum of bees, the honied scent
Of June, the robin's song of rapturous hope—
All tell of labor loved or puissant ease.

ENDYMION

High-hid in lofty, Latmian wilderness,
Embalmed with slumber by thy love divine,
Soft-couchèd youth so fair, thou dost recline
On downy moss in stilly, dim recess;
Dream-leased from deepest sleep, while she doth
press,

All timorously, ambrosial lips to thine,
Strew forest flow'rs o'er thy loved form supine,
And languish with her mild-eyed tenderness.

Ah, would were I, like thee, for aye at rest,
Freed from despair, deaf to ambition's scorn;
And dreaming naught but dreams of purest bliss
Wherein would my soul's eye be beauty-blest
By visions of my white-armed love forlorn,
And I have no sensation save her kiss.

NIGHT

Thy child yearns for thy coming, gracious Night,
As parching blossoms crave the gentle rain:
On this hot brow press kisses cool and light;
Receive and shrive my spirit once again.
Thou knowest well that in this weary heart,
Each restive plaint is none the less a psalm—
O softly let thy grateful raiment part
To fold me to thy bosom's blessed calm!
Full many folk thy darkling stillness fear,
As little children dread the fabled gnome:
I call thy boons prophetic, mother dear;
And they at last shall know that thou art home.

From thee I came; to thee I shall return,
Thy wondrous secrets once again to learn.

AVE MARIA

Westward, lo, the eye of Day
Beckons his realm of care;
Vesper the lamp of peace relumes;
It is the hour of pray'r.

We praise thee, Mary, queen of Heaven,
Radiant mother of our Rest;
The faithful, now, on land and sea
Kneel to thine image blest.

AVE MARIA

Hail, thrice blessèd queen of Heaven,
Star of sorrow's troubled sea;
From the chill and angry surges
Rise our aching hearts to thee.

Pray, O pray, sweet virgin Mother,
For Earth's mothers who make moan:
Deep maternal Earth-born sorrow
Thou hast suffered of thine own.

SHADOWS

ABERGLAUBE

Long since a wave world-wide,
Time's mightiest spirit-flood, washed all the land:
Look now, its shrunk tide
Hath left but scattered pools along the strand.

"Here, here", the preacher cries,
"Are gracious drops, O world with doubt accurst!"
Laughter and mingled sighs;
Stagnant the pools, the world moves on athirst.

LINES

Yonder the jaded city flaunts
On high its lurid glare:
Here only the mild stars illumine
The hushed, sweet country air.

One only city sound I hear—
The far-off church-bells ringing:
Here no unworthy moil, yet here
No white-robed Sabbath-singing.

WOODMONT REVISITED

I

Sadly my tired eyes seaward roam
From this lone cottage door;
For me no lusty welcome now
In yonder breakers' roar.

Into the mist the wide, white beach
Fades, where we sang together
In years when salt, grey days like this
Were jolliest sailor weather.

Farewell, once mirth-encircled hearth,
And once enchanted shore;
So desolate now,—and yet so fair
In dreams, forevermore.

II

Drift-wood glow,
Salt winds blow,
Waves on the dim sands
Murmur low.

Stars on high
Smile as I sigh,
Lonely for nights like this
Long gone by.

Calm stars, 'tis told
On griefs long cold,
Just as on mine ye smile,
Smiled ye of old.

Yes, trivial, vain,
Shall be my pain
Under the smile of thy
Silent disdain.

Right or wrong,
To death belong
All sorrows but those
Living in song.

LINES

Of Eve's fairer daughters surely
Loveliest far woo I,
Yet my heart is ill at ease. Dost
Wonder why?

In the ever-changing magic
Of her dancing eye
Gaze I; on her lips' blithe witchery
Gaze and sigh.

Yes, her eyes have lured me till these
Lips her lips have prest;
Yet thro' all my joy there lurketh
Strange unrest.

Is it that those eyes were never
Wet with tears of care;
Is it that those lips have never
Breathed a prayer?

Must one pray to truly love as
They must love who pray?—
O, if so, how brief, alas, how
Brief my day!

CHRIST'S LOVE

O Love!—I shut mine eyes and see
A lost, sweet, homeless child
In desolate wastes of wrath and greed
Most shamelessly beguiled.

Say, did that mystic Lamb come forth
From this world's brutish womb?—
One faint chance flash of purest light
Amid eternal gloom?

O Love!—I shut mine eyes and see
A lost, bewildered child
That cannot tell me from what home,
Nor how, it was beguiled.

DESPONDENCY

I feel my heart is bleeding
To death here in my breast:
Spent with the war of dream and fact
It cries in vain for rest.

Though love and truth and beauty
Have each had me in thrall,
Now, mid the bickering, aimless throng,
On each in vain I call.

O I am weary, weary;
So languid is my breath,
I have no manly hold on life,
No confidence in death.

THE HAPPY DEAD

Ah happy, happy dead
In dreamless sleep,
Who never, nevermore
Shall wake to weep,—

Rest, rest, ye lovèd of
The sun and rain:
Not even in our memory
Lives your pain.

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

In Memoriam

Thou calm of brow, alone on the prow,
Deep slumber hath dimmed my sight;
From a dream of fear I awaken now—
O watchman, what of the night?

Toward the open we ride on an ebbing tide;
Think not we are a-drift;
Look up; in cloudland's lowering pride
Our star hath found a rift.

And tell me now, dear heart on the prow,
From what haven we set sail;
A waste of waters is all I know;
O'er memory sleep draweth a veil.

O! true I say from not far away
Dear heart have we twain come hence:
Where yester-dawn opened the portals of day,
Soul of my soul, O thence!

And whither now, dear heart on the prow,
Sail we o'er the waters wide?
In mysterious gloom thou art lonely, I trow,
Shall I come and dream by thy side?

Still as deepest cave old ocean doth lave,
Rest there while I tell thee whither;
Where heaven kisses the western wave,
Soul of my soul, O thither!

—Wide heaven wept o'er his grave while I slept;
I awoke in the storm with fright;
And when to the tossing prow I crept,
I was alone with the night.

LINES

I

One boon, they say this Christmas night
Hath promised thee and me,
Poor innocent,—the bitter end
Of thy deep misery.

Thy father's better soul, sweet child,—
Into black night, my own,
This freezing night, for all my prayers,
Thou must go hence—alone.

II

Bleak Dawn came just as I arose
Beside that bed—alone;
O grim, inscrutable her smile
At my heart-withering moan!

The deathless gods have bound my heart
With strings to sound my woe;
But never words of hope or dread
From their calm lips shall flow.

OXFORD

In this New World, fair Oxford,
A gentle few there be,
Lovers of beauty and the truth,
Whose hearts go out to thee.

Sweet balm hast thou, dear Oxford,
For their deep doubts and fears,
While this exultant New World roars
Round their ill-fated ears.

We love thee, dear, dear Oxford;
Our mother, too, thou art,
Yea, of all English-speaking youth,
Thoughtful and pure in heart.

In this New World, fair Oxford,
A gentle few there be,
Lovers of beauty and the truth,
Whose hearts go out to thee.

LINES

How shall I quench within my breast
This soul-consuming fire?
Still, still I see those beckoning eyes;
Feel their enchantment dire.

I see them in the darkest night
More clearly than by day;
And, woe is me, I've lost the pow'r
To turn my glance away.

I have a fiend within my breast;
My eyes are hot and dry—
O for a flood of blinding tears,
And long-hushed lullaby!

LINES

There was a brown-eyed little boy,—
Quenched now his honied breath;
No more he plays by day, no more
At eve his prayer he saith.

The day he passed he woke and said
He'd dreamt we sat again
To watch the red sun hide behind
The blue hills past the plain.

His play, his prayer, his dreams are done;
And never more shall he,
These lorn arms close around him, watch
The sun go down, with me.

Still, O dream-angels, on my face
Oft lies his little hand—
Keep, keep the bridge whereon we meet
'Twixt Earth and spirit-land!

For now my only day is night,
When in my dreams again
We watch the red sun hide behind
The blue hills past the plain.

MISCELLANEOUS

DREAMLAND

Hail, hushèd fairy-land,
The pure heart's peaceful haven;
O grateful realm, O bright oasis golden!
There gracious Respite rules with magic wand.
Around her throne a smiling band,
With arms outholden,
Greeting worn pilgrims stand.

Often in this sweet land,
The faithful, the broken-hearted,
Live blissful years among the loved departed,
Protected by an angel's flaming brand,
Ere smiling Morn, with gentle hand,
Leads them, hope-freighted,
Back to Earth's rocking strand.

TO DOCTOR G. WITH SOME CIGARS AT CHRISTMAS

My prince of doctors, on this tide
Of love's high plenitude,
From one who's known thy balm, receive
Embalmèd gratitude.

If my heart's blood could serve thy weal,
A royal-red libation
Thou'dst have; yet here's my very soul
In transubstantiation.

Yes, still my heart's of just such stuff
For all my long privation:
I couldn't suffer worse in love
From horrid palpitation.

Heaven let thee puff in wicked peace;
And ne'er exact a price
In anchoritish days, like mine,
Of prayer for future vice.

THE BIRD WITH BROKEN WING

Poor mangled prince of minstrelsy,
Alas, what skill may succour thee
Of condolence or surgery,
All tameless as thou art?

Thy frenzied flutterings of alarm
Are working thee most deadly harm,
And none may teach thee patient calm;
Thine own worst foe thou art.

High-soaring with fleet wing and strong
A blithesome lay thou didst prolong;
But now thou hast no sorrow-song,
All tameless as thou art.

THE FLOWER

And must thou, too, loved balmy flow'r,
Poor weakling of a little hour,

Must thou, too, struggle to 'get on',
And by sharp greed be set upon?—

This day I read ev'n flowers must fight
To win a few stray beams of light.

It seems thy life's one strenuous race
To hold this tiny breathing space.

Now I had thought beneath these trees
The live-long day thou took'st thine ease;

And here, alas, I wake to find
The world is ev'n to flowers unkind.

TO — — W.

Once my bewildered heart was filled
With bitterness and hate;
I said: "behold man's self-respect,
The master jest of fate.

Poor insect on a riddle world,
Man yet presumes to pray;
His petty soul might move me, should
It pray to pass away."

—Now in the Second Birth I share:
Since I beheld that face
This "unintelligible world"
Doth seem another place.

Ah me, those wise, sad, sinless eyes,
And O, that gentle hand!—
My heart fills with a childlike love
I not yet understand.

Is it that Christ I mocked as dead,
My hero, dwells in thee?
I feel that I am face to face
With immortality.

No more I loathe my fellow men,
No more myself despise;
For I have seen God's kingdom in
Two wondrous human eyes.

LOVELY WOMEN

Lovely women do I see
As on my darkling pilgrimage I go;
Fairies all they seem to me
Within a wood whose bounds I may not know;
Spirits of good or evil coming, going,
As I pass on nor whence nor whither knowing.

Comes anon a sorceress,
Bright in her lustrous eyes a wild desire;
Neath the spell of her caress
My blood full swiftly turns to living fire.
And as with fear I haste my weary feet,
She proffers lotus calling me to eat.

Erewhile, in a sunny glade,
Came I upon a gentle shepherdess.
"Happy, happy sheep," I said,
"Who know thy blue-eyed maiden tenderness!"
—"Oh! rest here with my lambs thou weary worn;
A safe path will I show the morrow morn."

LINES

'Tis oft the happy poet's whim
To sing the praise of death:
So sang poor Keats, I mind me, once,
With his youth's balmiest breath.

But when that singer came to die,
How loath, alas, was he
To leave his corner in the sun
And his rich minstrelsy.

Nay, tell me what unfrenzied will,
Though lost its forward power;
What baffled brain, what broken heart,
Hungers for that dim hour;

When, near the shores of mystery,
His tattered canvass furled,
Man sighs: "farewell, Life's surge, farewell,
O sweet unhappy world!"

LINES

Wakened at earliest dawn
By the shrill, fitful bugle of the wind;
Lying in my warm bed,
I listened awhile with lax, unruffled mind.

Slowly my roving eyes
Found my east window—lo, the morning star!
Instant in the chill room
I stood with flooding thoughts that called afar.



FEB 19 1912

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